"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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THE COLLIER FAMILY.

MONEY WORSHIP AND GOD WORSHIP.

Berthold was a German merchant, and, in the pursuit of riches, made many long journeys.

One evening, as he was travelling on horseback in a gloomy old German forest, he lost his way far remote from any known habitation. He was greatly alarmed, for he carried with him rich jewels, and the recesses of the forest bore no good reputation. He came at last to a dusky defile, but it was so untravelled that the night-birds and the animals approached him without fear, and it grew more wild and gloomy as he followed its winding way.

He at length espied an object at a distance that looked to him like a human being. He approached it, though not without fear, and found it to be a man of very pleasant appearance and gentle manners. Berthold unbosomed himself to him without reserve, and the man in return said that he was a collier, and that he and his family resided in the vicinity. He invited the merchant to pass the night with him. The merchant gladly accepted the invitation, and ere long came to a forest cottage, where he was gladly welcomed by the collier's family.

A lovely family they were, gentle and amiable; and very beautiful countenances they had, such as reflect only pure and unselfish hearts. The merchant felt certain that he had fallen into no evil hands, and that he and his treasures were as safe as though he had arrived at his own home in the grand old German city. Not only were the family remarkably beautiful to look upon, and winning in all their ways, but each member discovered a certain purity of thought and feeling to which the money-loving merchant was a stranger. The light of heaven seemed to illumine the faces of the fair-haired children, and a holy atmosphere seemed to fill the place.

They chatted, they sung, and anon the voices of the children rang out in innocent laughter. The merchant entertained them with an account of his journeys, and the collier in return related some incidents of his simple life. Suddenly there came a succession of low, measured raps on the door. A change came over the faces of the family, and the sounds of merriment instantly ceased.

"In the name of God, come in," said the collier solemnly.

The door opened gently, and there glided in a little old man, who greeted the family very pleasantly, and seated himself at the table around which the family were gathered. He was a mere dwarf in stature; his face was very wrinkled and withered, and his eye was very sad He seemed pained at the sight of the merchant, to whom he now and then turned his gaze with a mysterious light in his eye. The merchant watched him closely and with much curiosity, not knowing what sort of a being he was; and, as he noticed the mysterious fire that now and then darted from his eye, he began, for the first time, to feel uneasy. At length the dwarf turned to the collier, and said: "The hour of prayer has come. If nothing prevent you, pray." The collier commenced singing the fine old German hymn,

"The woods are all reposing."

His wife and children joined, and the flowing melody charmed the ears of the merchant, and brought a gush of tenderness to his heart. The dwarf also sung, and, although he was so small, his voice on the high notes shook the house. The hearts of the collier family seemed touched with seraphic rapture, and yet there was an undertone of sadness in all the song. The last notes died away, and amid perfect stillness the collier lifted up his voice in prayer, communing with God as one who

dwelt on the very borders of the celestial spheres, and all of the fair-haired children clasped their hands in prayer.

When the devotions were ended the little old man arose, and with a light step left the room, bowing humbly as he closed the door. Presently he opened the door again, and darting at the merchant a wild and terrible look, slammed it with great violence.

The collier looked disturbed, and remarked that such behaviour was rather unusual. The merchant intimated that the old man might be somewhat touched in mind, to which the collier assented.

"It is a long time," said the collier, "since he has given evidence of any evil intentions. I regret," he added, "that the only room I can offer you for a lodging has a door that is ill secured, and as he frequents the house at will, he may enter the chamber during the night. If he should, be perfectly quiet and think holy thoughts; do not give way to anger, nor utter any evil words, and he will be powerless against you, and will soon leave you to your repose."

Berthold felt insecure. As he ascended the stairs that led to his chamber he found a terror that he could not stifle springing up within him. He retired at once, but left a taper burning in the room. He laid his portmanteau by his side, and his pistols on his pillow. The gusty forest wind moaned and sighed without, and the loose doors creaked and rattled within, and a deep sadness settled upon the mind of the merchant. O how dreary! for he felt as one alone, all alone in a mighty solitude!

He endeavoured to fix his thoughts on his money-making schemes, but every sound gave him a start. At last he grew drowsy, and fancied that he was sinking into a refreshing slumber, when he suddenly became conscious that there was one in the room. He heard a noise by his bedside, and started up with a colourless face and wide-staring eyes. He beheld the little old man by his bed, handling his portmanteau of jewels. He forgot the collier's injunction against giving way to unholy feelings and expressions, and, seizing his weapons, and regarding the dwarf with a look of fury, he exclaimed, "Robber, away! Hands off! Begone!"

The dwarf started back. His face wore a pitiful expression. He moved toward the door, and seemed praying in great agony of spirit. Then he glided out of the room.

Berthold became calm at last, and his eyelids grew heavy. Midnight passed; the small hours of night wore on, and repose seemed extending its reign even to that unquiet spot. He was awakened from a slight slumber by a deep breathing above him that moistened his cheek. He opened his eyes, and saw, bending over him, the hairy face of the little old man.

"Fine jewels you have here," said the dwarf, laying his hand on the portmanteau, "but I can show you where there are finer."

"Where?" exclaimed the merchant, his eagerness for riches rising above his fears.

"Come and see! But first let me get my mantle."

The dwarf left the room.

Presently the door flew open, and a great phantom stalked into the room, wearing a mantle of crimson.

"Come," said the terrible visitor, "let us go into the forest."

"Into the forest with *you?*" cries the merchant in terror. "Who are you?"

"You and I are kindred spirits," said the phantom. "You are a man of the world and of passion. You let your passions expand to-night. Then I *grew.* And now I can grow and grow until I reach the stars."

"You see," he continued, "what a shrivelled creature I had become. The singing and praying of these collier people had reduced me from a once mighty spectre to a mere dwarf, and would have rendered me invisible ere long. But now I am free—as free as the air."

He laughed a wild laugh, and stretched out his hand toward the merchant as if to seize him. The merchant discharged his pistol. In a moment the household were astir, and the phantom was gone.

"In the name of God," said the collier, rushing into the room, "what has happened between you and our *house-spirit?* Unholy thoughts and feelings have passed under this roof to-night. I just saw him, and he had *grown.*"

"And we must live those dreadful years over again," said his wife, weeping.

"What do you mean?" asked Berthold, almost discrediting his senses.

"When we came to live here," said the

collier, "the house was haunted by a great phantom who wore a mantle of crimson. He greatly distressed us for a time, but I told my family that if we relied on God and lived pure and holy lives we had nothing to fear. It proved even so. Every prayer that we offered lessened the size of the phantom, and every hymn that we sung made him less terrible in appearance. By years of watchfulness over the purity of our motives and of devotion to God, we reduced him in stature until he became a withered, inoffensive little creature, who loved the influence of devout conversation and of prayer and praise. Had nothing unholy passed under this roof, he must, ere long, have dwindled to a mere shadow, and have vanished away. But we will so live in the future that we will bind him again by holy influence, and render him as harmless as before."

Years passed, and the flowing locks of the merchant were sprinkled with silver, but the remembrance of the night passed in the solitary forest with the collier family faded not from his mind. He was travelling one day on the borders of the same forest, and he resolved to penetrate it again, and to revisit the much remembered spot.

The collier family was still there, holy and happy. At the hour of prayer they sung again the fine old hymn:

"Now the woods are all reposing."

A subdued radiance passed through the room, and from it a breathing melody arose like that that holds the senses with delight when moist fingers touch the attuned musical glasses. It was the house-spirit.

O ye whose hearts and homes are disquieted with phantoms, remember the Collier Family!

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY INTEREST.

Ben Adam had a golden coin, one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew,
Year after year, awaiting him it lay,
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four,—so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin, that day,
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached heaven, angels, with pride,
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

THE LAW OF REVENGE.

BY REV. D. MUNSON HODGE.

However congenial to many the old law may have been which demanded "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," however representative of the spirit of the age which wrought it out of its moral chaos, or however earnestly the unspiritual and uncultured materialists of this generation may labour to continue it—among the laws of a Christian state it has no place, and in the revelation of Christianity its eternal death sentence is pronounced. In the dawning of earth's civilisation, in the first counselling of men with each other as to the means and methods of government, law was considered to be the enforced will of the strongest. Evil and unjust that will might be in all its working; it might be the servant of the lowest, ungodliest passions; destructive of all the sweetest, holiest liberties of men; yet it was law, and the world, in its barbaric youth, knew no better or higher. Justice had a voice, but brute force overawed it. Conscience had a fluttering life, but it struggled in vain against the rough hand of physical strength. Reason marked the human soul with its divine and lovely impress, but the sacred seal was broken by unholy, human hands. Love, strong and spiritual love, was but a faint, prophetic flush, streaking the sky of the time then present, with promise of a coming day, brighter and clearer. In the dark of that day—seeming night to us—Earth echoed the sounds of violence, drank in the blood of men, and received to itself the ashes of empires. In the darkness of that time revenge was glorified. Nothing was considered manly which reflected not the hateful fire and glow of it. Men worshipped its light, though its glare was ghastly with blood tints. He who butchered his enemy was a hero. He who forgave him a coward and fool. Ages transmitted the power of revenge. It hindered the progress of the world for centuries, misgoverned and disgraced humanity, robbed the weak of all aid in this world, and, by its famous colouring of the character of God, of all hope also for the next; and finally, as it streamed forth into chivalry, sent its evil and deathful influence down through the subsequent ages.

In the days of feudalism the law of brute force was at the zenith of its life, the rights of the superior determining

according to the power he possessed of enforcing. His will made law for himself, and for all, so far as he counted himself able to enforce it. Hence, it will be readily understood that the will of the law-maker generally represented, not reason, moral sense, nor any of the true governing powers of human nature, but whatever passion in his selfish heart happened to be uppermost. The passion of revenge was never undeveloped, and law was most frequently its servant, dooming enemies to the death if they were weak, giving them a dog-like respect if they happened to be strong.

Feudalism and chivalry have passed away. Even the duellist's code, called in the solemn mockery of things, the "code of honour," is seldom resorted to by things—in the same hideous mockery called gentlemen—for the final settlement of affronts. The world, slow to learn as to unlearn, is gradually finding out that there is such a thing as Christianity, such governing principles in men as reason and conscience; that the collective will of society, subjected to these governing elements, is the highest, the God-appointed law.

The law of one man should be the will of that man, subject not to passion, not to revenge, nor lust, but subject always to an uncorrupted conscience and the dictates of right reason. Men not thus governed are not self-governed. So the law of any number of men should be the reason and conscience of those men collectively considered, acting through the collective will of them. This is what should be meant in these days by the strong hand of law. That which is in itself just and right in one man is also right and just in the number of men. That which is evil and condemnable in one is only evil and condemnable in all. If revenge is necessary to self-government, then it is necessary to the government of others. If it is the enemy of self-government, then it is the enemy of all true government everywhere.

Plain as this truth seems to be, we as a people ignore it in all its practical bearings. Leniently as we deal with ourselves, and wish to be dealt with, no words are too harsh, no punishment too great, for our neighbour who dares to offend; and, as a general rule, the more loose and lawless we are in our own hearts, the louder we clamour for his punishment. The very men who have sought and effected the ruin of poor Fatima are always most ready to sew up the sack and drop her into the Bosphorus. Guides all plague ever watch for the plague-spots of others, and dealers whose signs lie in gutters are loud in their curses of drunkards. They who neglect to restrain are readiest to punish. He who scoffs at restrictive law delights in the law of revenge. We have always, therefore, in our land many ready to rise and strangle the shedder of human blood, and among them not even one weak hand will be raised, perhaps, to resist the great tide which bring us fresh murders on every wave. And the law, caring for the reformation of the wretch which it has helped to become a murderer, regards its offended dignity, again made whole, when it has snatched God's work from His hands —calling itself wiser than Him—and publicly choked the life out of one of His offending children. The man whose work it has been for years to inflame and excite the worst passions of the scaffold-victim for his own gold-glory, may even be jury, judge, or executioner. The thief, the incendiary, the flesh-defiled, we are all anxious to punish, and the men who assisted to make them such are the first to engage in pursuit of them. And yet we are all surprised to see the great crime-carnival go on, and wonder that revenge has not brought it, ere this, to its end. We need not be. It will go on until public sentiment and law demand, not revenge, but reformation; not vengeance, but safety; not retribution at the hands of men, but restraint and prohibition.

O, for a little of Christianity recognised in systems of government, a little of law to restrain and prohibit, rather than revenge; a little of civilisation, the religion, the spiritual insight, of which we boast, put into political and social practice; a little of foresight too for encouragement, to see in the future a time when law shall no longer be a malignant Hercules, cutting away at the multiplying heads of the Hydra of Crime, but a restraining, prohibitive power, sitting upon her earth-throne of authority, mild and serene, with Justice, the pure child of Conscience, at her own hand, with Truth, the stern daughter of Reason, upon the left, and the world in its Regeneration before them.

A GIRL'S TALK TO GIRLS.

I've come to the conclusion, girls, after mature deliberation on the subject, that certain people are born into this world without an idea as to "the fitness of things," and, moreover, that they continue in that darkened state during the whole of their natural existence. In nothing does it show itself so much as in the matter of the toilette; they seem so utterly wanting in that sort of artistic taste that instinctively shows them what to wear and how to wear it. Arbitrary followers of that most capricious Dame Fashion,—wearing, without the slightest regard to their own style of face or figure, whatever her fiat pronounces shall be worn, and fluttering their plumage in the face of outraged taste.

Such women as our streets are thronged with every day, and whom I am heartily tired of seeing, they are so like one another, and I dare say, girls, you and I resemble the rest. I'll tell you what the trouble is: we don't put enough of our own identity into our dress. Our dressmaker puts hers in instead, and the result is, she turns out a batch of walking advertisements of her establishment. When you see two people, in the making of whose dresses there is a shade of difference, you may be sure they only employ different *modistes*.

Going down ——— street a few days since, my friend suddenly exclaimed, "Look quick! There goes one of Madam ———'s dresses. I can tell anything that comes from her at once, it has such style."

No doubt the fair wearer would have been perfectly charmed had she heard the ecstatic praises that were lavished on her apparel, but I must confess I couldn't feel flattered at being known by my dressmaker. I think it would be a little humiliating. Now, girls, it isn't "sour grapes," I assure you, but I wouldn't wear one of Madam ———'s dresses, unless she'd let me dictate a little as to the making of it, so that it might not be quite the twin of somebody else's attire. However, there's no danger of my being required to do so, as at present there is an obvious difficulty in the way—namely want of funds, but, if I could afford to patronise the person in question, I should pay a little more to have something different from the rest.

I wonder, girls, if you remember the unpacking days at school; how we used to flock into one another's rooms to see what that was new and pretty each one had had during the vacation; how we used to compare notes, and when anything particularly new and striking was brought forth from its hiding-place in the depths of some trunk, what notes of admiration were heard on every side, and, before a week was over, every girl was the possessor of an article, alike, or as nearly like, the object of our fancy, as it was possible to get. Was there any new style of hair dressing, all adopted it; no matter whether dark or fair, stout or thin; what did it matter to us whether it was becoming or suitable? It was the fashion, and that was reason enough why we should make ourselves frights—martyrs in a good cause; we could endure anything knowing that.

And, girls, I fear we have not changed much in that respect in these years that have drifted us so surely and swiftly apart. We are slaves to that greatest tyrant, Fashion; and, for fear of being called "odd," we dare not rid ourselves of our bonds, but rivet them tighter every day.

I know one fresh-faced girl, who, in her simple work-a-day dress, with its neat little finish of spotless linen at neck and throat, and a knot of bright ribbon confining the dainty little collar, is as charming a picture as one would ever wish to see, and a hundred times more attractive than those showy, dashing, inartistic girls with all their richness and variety of unmeaning adornment.

That girl has the true artistic eye and touch. She cannot lay her hand on an article of dress but it assumes new grace and positiveness, and there is such a sweet simplicity about it all, and a real unconsciousness of the effect, that makes it twice as lovely and graceful. She follows the prevailing style enough not to look old-fashioned, but she modifies it to suit herself, and dosen't lose her identity in her dress, as you and I sometimes do, I fear.

But this lack of originality is not the *worst* that this blind following of fashion is leading us to. Were this all, although I should quarrel with it as much as I do now, yet I should nor fear it. At best it is but a want of taste, which concerns ourselves chiefly, but the other is a crime—a wrong done to ourselves and others. It is generating habits of extravagance among us, there's no question of that. Do you

not see that every fresh demand of yours brings a new care to those who gratify them? They love you, girls, those fathers and brothers of yours, so dearly, that, rather than disappoint you, or refuse your most unreasonable wishes, they put by plans of their own, plans in which a life's happiness may lie, make sacrifices such as you never dream of, and that they will never let you know. I know this, girls, for I have seen it done, and I wish you could see for yourselves, and know the care you bring to those whom I know you really love. I think thoughtlessness is at the bottom of it, but we've no business to be thoughtless. We have brains, every one of us, and reasoning powers—though in some cases they may be limited—and it's a sin not to use them.

The idea of going through life constantly doing acts of downright selfishness and injustice, then trying to excuse ourselves by saying, "We didn't think!" The time may come when we shall think, and bitterly too, of the suffering and care we brought, when we should have brought blessing and happiness. We *can* do that now; it is not too late yet. We have only to think before we act, to give up these silly, extravagant ways, become women instead of dressmakers' models, and faces will lighten with new happiness that now are careworn and anxious, and *you* will be the cause of the one as you are of the other now.

But you musn't think because I have said this, that I don't like pretty things—for indeed I do; nobody better—or that I don't like to see you well dressed; but well dressed, and "extravagantly rigged," are two different affairs. The one I like, the other I detest.

I think we should like these same pretty things to a certain extent, just as we like everything bright and pleasant. One higher than we has implanted this love in us, and given proof of his love for them in his own works. He did not disdain to clothe the earth with verdure, green and velvety, starred with flowers of every hue. The bare brown earth would have little to make it lovely were it not for the clothing which God has given it. The trees, ungraceful and stiff in outline, with their denuded branches stretching and pointing like skeleton fingers, become masses of beauty with their wealth of foliage. The harsh cold rocks he pities for their grim desolation, and clothes them with delicate mosses, wonderful in their variety and exquisiteness, and the silvery lichens that shine star-like from their dintless surfaces.

And when these beauties are laid aside, each lived out its appointed time, still there is beauty. Mark the changing of the foliage from the cool greenness of summer to the warm hues of autumn. For the maples hang out their scarlet flags in the face of nature, and the elms glow with golden light till every hill seems aflame with glory. Then, when this magnificence burns itself out, and the leaves sere and brown, lie rustling mournfully in the cold winds of approaching winter, comes the snow covering all decay with its mantle of pure whiteness, until, by and by, all nature bursts forth again into fresh newness of beauty.

So I think from his very care of inanimate things, and the beauty He bestows upon them, together with the innate love for these beauties, that there is a sort of religion in the care for self-adornment. That is, He gives us so much to begin with in the way of personal appearance, and we do the best with what we have, thankful for it, and make our best as attractive as possible, not for our own gratification merely, but in a spirit of gratitude that so much has been given us, and a wish to make others see and feel our gladness.

I have a distrust of people who look upon all these things as folly, who themselves go clad in sombre garments, with no vestige of anything bright or cheerful. It seems to me as though they must have put all the freshness and brightness out of their own lives, and seen nothing but the hard, dark sides of the living. I have often wondered if nature held anything for them in her various forms of loveliness; if the blooming of the flowers, the shining of stars, or singing of birds, suggested anything glad to them.

I know it is on the plea of serving God better, putting away worldly things and caring only for spiritual, and people are really conscientious about it; but it seems to me such a strange sort of religion—the sackcloth and ashes kind, I think it must be—always bewailing one's lowliness, eyes cast so low they only see the *débris* and filth of earth's slums, instead of looking up in thankful gladness, and catching the

glory and shining of the vast beyond. Why, to me there's more real religion in a knot of bright ribbon or a bunch of flowers worn by a glad-faced happy-hearted girl, than in a score of the melancholy draperies, with their more melancholy wearers.

You may be sure something in the joyous world has gone wrong with them; for them there is some discord in the grand symphony of life; but how they are going to right the one, or restore happiness to the other, by wearing ungraceful black dresses and unbecoming poke bonnets, I confess I don't see. I don't believe that God cares any more for them, or considers them more entitled to his special care than He does for you and me, who love and reverence Him, but not with long faces and whining complaints. Irreverent? No, no, I am not that, but I cannot believe that He who gave us all this beauty and the capacity for loving it, would care less for us that we do worship Him through his own works.

So, girls, don your bright draperies gracefully and joyously. Deck your hair with rosebuds whose hues shall rival the bloom of your cheeks, wear ribbons whose sheen shall match the colour of your eyes; make yourselves as sweet and attractive as you can; be living pictures if it please you, but in the outward adornment don't forget the more important robing. Wreathe you faces with loving, happy smiles, clothe your hearts with charity and gentle thoughts, your souls with the robes of purity and heavenly love, and you shall indeed be clothed with garments that will never wear out, but grow stronger and brighter by each day's wearing.

NOTES ON ORGANS.

THERE are two striking differences between English and continental organs. One is, that in England the contrivance called the "swell" has for a century and a half found universal favour, whilst on the Continent a portion of the organ called the "echo" is in like manner enclosed by itself in a box, which, however, has no Venetian shutters to open at pleasure, and consequently the swelling effect so much admired here cannot be produced from such instruments.

The other difference lies in the importance attached by foreigners to the pedals, which contrasts favourably with our niggardliness toward that department. Pedals have been in general use for three or four centuries on the Continent, and in several cases more stops will be found on the pedal organ than on the great: for instance, at Goerlitz, the great organ has sixteen stops, the pedal nineteen; at Prague, the great has fourteen, the pedal eighteen. Some organs have even two pedal keyboards or claviers, as at Weingarten, where each pedal clavier has nine stops, making a total of eighteen pedal stops, balanced by twelve stops on each of the four manuals. At Stuttgard, Lubeck, and Frankfort also, there are organs with two rows of pedals. In England, pedals did not make their appearance till quite the end of the last century, which may partly account for most of our organs being even now so deficient in pedal accommodation. For instance, four of our cathedrals, Bangor, Carlisle, Lichfield, and Peterborough, have (or had recently) no pedal pipes.

The organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, with a hundred stops, is the largest in the world. It has four manuals. The organs at Rouen and Beauvais, with about half as many stops, have five manuals. One of the organs in Seville Cathedral is blown in a curious way. A man walks to and fro along a board 15ft. in length, which is balanced in the middle on an axis. Under each end of the board is a pair of bellows, which are again connected with five other pairs. Walking ten times along the board will fill these, which will then supply the entire organ for a quarter of an hour. This cathedral contains several organs: it is not uncommon for a continental church to have more than one. Two of our own cathedrals have two organs, namely, St. Paul's and Manchester. Neither of the two organs in Milan cathedral contains any reeds, reed stops being prohibited by the Ambrosian rite.

When the system of tuning by unequal temperament was in vogue, it was necessary in order to render all keys equally available, that the octave should contain more than twelve notes; and so we find, not half a century ago, organs with fourteen and seventeen, and even forty and forty-three notes to the octave. Fourteen notes in the octave may still be seen in the celebrated organ at the Temple Church, unless it has been lately altered. K. B.

LYE WASTE CHAPEL.

LYE WASTE CHAPEL.

The name Lye is derived from the old Saxon word Legh or Ley, and signifies pasture land. Formerly Lye Waste was an open common, with a few scattered houses. Soon after the ejectment of the 2000, preaching was commenced, and for many years conducted in what was then known as the Lay House, occupied by a Mr. Witton. Here the dissenters of the neighbourhood frequently assembled in large numbers and gladly heard the Word: but soon the demon of religious intolerance was abroad, and they, like many others, had to endure persecution for conscience sake, and it was not till a century and more afterwards that their children's children were permitted to erect a temple for the worship of God.

In 1790 the Rev. James Scott, minister of Park Lane Chapel, Netherend—whose name is still revered in the neighbourhood for his works' sake—established a society for religious conversation in the Lye: but which, in consequence of misrepresentation, had to be given up. At this time the population of the hamlets Lye and Waste, now united and called Lye Waste, had increased to over 2000. Mud cabins rose rapidly over the common, but as yet no provision was made for the public service of God. To meet, to some extent, the pressing want, Mr. Scott, in July 1790, engaged a room, had it registered for public worship, and in this place conducted an evening service for some time. So numerous was the attendance at this lecture, that early in 1791 the worshippers determined to build a chapel, and at once set vigorously to work to effect their purpose. Ground was secured, some of the building materials deposited thereon, and nearly all the required funds obtained, when the Birmingham riots broke out and effectually put a stop to the undertaking. Such was the irritation of the lower classes, instigated by the three rectors of Old Swinford and others, that for some time afterwards a dissenter, and especially a dissenting minister, could not pass through Lye Waste without insult and danger.

But time passes on, and with it die out the prejudices of the day. What it was found impossible to do in the service of God and Christian truth and liberty in 1791, was quietly effected in 1805. During this year a small chapel was erected, and opened for public worship by Mr. Scott on the 6th of January, 1806. Here Mr. Scott continued to conduct an evening service till removed by death. The Rev. William Bowen succeeded Mr. Scott as settled minister of Park-lane Chapel, and, like his predecessors, continued the evening service. On Mr. Bowen's resignation of his charge, Mr. Cochrane was appointed to it, and continued the same work till 1860, when the little chapel was found altogether unsuitable for the poor, half-clad people who attended, as well as affording insufficient accommodation for those who came to worship. Two or three friends interested in the promotion of a national Christianity, taking into consideration the necessity of day and Sunday schools in connexion with the chapel, thought it better to erect a new chapel than to enlarge the old one; but to utilise the old by converting it into a school-room. This was accordingly done, and the chapel represented on the opposite page is the fruit of their disinterested and generous efforts. It was dedicated to the service of the One living and true God on the 10th of December, 1861. Mr. Kedward is the present minister, and conducts a religious service every Lord's day morning to the Sunday-school scholars and teachers, and an evening service to the poor uneducated, hard-working inhabitants of the village.

HELL.

AN OUTLINE OF INQUIRY.

The simple object of the author (Balfour), in his Inquiry is to examine the foundation on which the doctrine of *endless misery* is built. This doctrine rests on the *fact* or *falsehood* that a place called *Hell* in a future state is prepared for the punishment of the wicked. In speaking, preaching, and writing on the subject, this is always taken for granted as indisputable. But when we come to know that there are *four* words in the original Scriptures, namely, Sheol, Hades, Tartarus, and Gehenna, all in their primitive import *different* from each other, and all translated *Hell* in the common English version, "in the mind of the believer certainty is mixed with doubt."

Sheol occurs sixty-four times in the Hebrew Old Testament, and in the authorised English version is rendered *three* times pit, *twenty-nine* times grave, and

thirty-two times HELL. HADES occurs *eleven* times in the Greek New Testament, and in our version is rendered *ten* times Hell, and *once* grave. TARTARUS occurs *once*, and is rendered *Hell* also. GEHENNA (*i.e.*, Hinnom's Vale, one of the suburbs of Jerusalem) occurs *twelve* times in the Greek New Testament, and in our version is always translated *Hell*. Now, as no *scholar* will risk his reputation by asserting that SHEOL and TARTARUS are synonymous terms, or that HADES has any resemblance whatever to GEHENNA, it must be very plain that *learned* Christians know full well that there is a *variety* of *Hells* in the Bible, however inexpedient they may deem it to uncover them to the unsuspecting multitude.

Before quoting any passage where SHEOL occurs, to show its import by the context, it may be as well to state that the old Saxon word *Hell* at first meant the *hidden* or *concealed* place; and Henry Ainsworth, in his version of the Pentateuch, makes it very evident that the word SHEOL conveyed precisely the same idea among the Jews. He represents Jacob as saying, "I will go down to hell to my son mourning." (See Genesis xxxvi., towards the end.) Parkhurst on the word HADES says that, in various counties of England in his day, "to hell anything was to hide it or conceal it." Principal Campbell, in his second preliminary dissertation to the "Harmony of the Gospels," says, "at first it denoted what was hidden or concealed."

In Ecclesiastes ix., 10, we read, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." Poole, in his "Annotations" on this passage, has placed a mark at the word "grave" to direct the reader's attention to the margin, where he says it is HELL in the Hebrew, and HELL in the Greek. In verse 5 of this same chapter, we read, "The living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything." Now, taking these two passages together, they certainly seem to say that *there is no conscious existence in the state of the dead.*

To this it may be objected that we read of the rich man lifting up his eyes in *Hades*, or hell, being "in torment." Just so; but then it must not be overlooked that Lazarus, though in Abraham's bosom, was in *Hades*, or hell, also. We know that the rich man was in *Tartarus*, *i.e.*, the *black hole* of Hades, and, notwithstanding the "great gulf," the two could not be far asunder when conversing together. Moreover, be it known to all, that whoever consults Whitby's Commentary on Luke xvi. will there learn that the story of the rich man and Lazarus is an *old* story taken from one of the *Targums*. Whitby prints a portion of the *original* story, and some have alleged that it reads very like a fable. However, Christ quoted it when convincing the Jews that they would not believe a man, supposing he arose from the dead.

It may also be objected to what Solomon has written, as Christ said to the thief on the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." But what is the *real* meaning of the word *paradise?* Parkhurst says that it is a compound of an Arabic and Hebrew word, and signifies the *secret* or *covert*. Now, is this not very like the *hidden* or *concealed* place? in simple language, THE STATE OF THE DEAD. (See Romans x., 7.) No doubt some orthodox people may startle at this statement, but *truth* has startled thousands, and will again. Some one has said that, "TRUTH, by her native beauty, is sure to charm, yet from her repugnancy to most men's interests she is seldom welcome; politicians are afraid of her, parties detest her, and all agree that she is mad, and very dangerous if suffered to be about in public."

It may also be objected to Solomon's words, as we read in the New Testament, "by which he went and preached to the spirits in prison." The Greek word *fulace*, here rendered "prison," would have been better translated *ignorance*.

It is now understood, however, that all *honest* Biblical critics have given up Sheol, Hades, and Tartarus, and confess that not any of these words designates a place of future endless misery. GEHENNA, they say, is the real *genuine* HELL. Let us endeavour, then, to ascertain the Scriptural import of GEHENNA.

GEHENNA is merely a new name for the Vale of Hinnom, a piece of low-lying ground or "gloomy dell" in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Here, we are told, at an early period, human sacrifices were offered

to the god Moloch. Latterly, however, it became a sort of depot for the refuse of the slaughter-houses and filth and dirt of the city. A fire was kept burning in it continually, night and day, to destroy the maggots and flies that swarmed in it. Some Biblical critics allege that it was a place of public execution at the advent of Christ. At all events, it was no *hidden* or *concealed* place, but a most notorious place, and was a bye word among the inhabitants of Jerusalem. Christ used it as an emblem of the TEMPORAL JUDGMENTS about to be inflicted on the Jewish nation.

It may be here remarked that our translators left *Gehenna*, "Hinnom's Vale of Slaughter," untranslated; no one could have imagined that it meant a place of endless torment for all the wicked.

The Jews, and they only, were threatened with the punishment of Gehenna. How can that be made to appear? some will be ready to inquire. The answer is brief, clear, and conclusive. St. Paul, the most voluminous writer of all the apostles, who declared *the whole counsel of God*, and travelled about preaching and writing for thirty years, never once mentioned Gehenna!

We have heard it observed, "Allowing all the texts in the Bible were laid aside which speak of Sheol, Hades, Tartarus, and Gehenna, the doctrine of endless punishment can be established from other texts." Well, if people are sincere in making this observation, why not lay all such useless texts aside, and support the doctrine of endless misery from these other texts? But Churchmen as well as Dissenters are too wily for that. They know if the texts which speak of Sheol, Hades, Tartarus, and Gehenna, or *hell*, are abandoned, the whole foundation of endless punishment is broken up, and no other foundation can be found for it in Scripture.

Of the Deity, we read in the Bible "Verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth," and "Behold, the righteous shall be *recompensed* in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner." Now, if it be true that the wicked and the righteous are RECOMPENSED in the earth, the doctrine of endless misery is a delusion, an imposition on the public, the greatest obstacle to human progress, and a libel on the character of God.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

THERE is an amusing statement in Blair's "Chronology" which determines the age of man on the earth with a severity of accuracy for which, no doubt, the author would hold the Bible responsible: — "Adam and Eve were created on Friday, October 28th, 4004 B.C." The Bible is no more responsible for the popular notion that man has resided on the earth for about 6000 years than for the statement that he commenced human history on the 28th of October, 4004 B.C. Too frequently that holy book has been dragged into court to determine questions for which it is not at all responsible; and we aver, that whatever may be the antiquity of the human race, its great and unknown duration, has no more to do with the question of either natural or revealed religion than the unmeasured spaces of the universe.

We are inclined to believe that the origin of man on the earth dates back into very remote ages, and would now lay before our readers several facts adduced by those who have studied this subject, and are able to give a learned opinion on a matter so interesting to us:—

1. The degree of perfection in language, attained thousands of years ago, is regarded as some proof of man having lived on this earth many thousands of years. All the ancient languages—Greek, Sanscrit, Gothic, and others—are composite, and afford evidence of languages before them. Thus, in the very words of ancient nations the linguist discovers that man has lived on the earth from a very remote period — far beyond six thousand years.

2. The various existing races which can be traced back, with great distinctness, for nearly three thousand years, witness to the fact of great antiquity, if it be assumed our race sprang from one pair; for it would require a long, long period to account for the great variety and the immense difference of colour and conformation found among mankind.

3. Many relics of our race discovered beneath layers of mud—having fallen from the dwelling places which had been built on piles in lakes in pre-historic times—form an argument for the great antiquity of man.

4. It appears from the natural history of the world that there have been ages of

vegetable growth, called the pine, the oak, and the beech; periods which may be regarded as distinct eras of untold ages; and proofs of human existence among the remains of those distant eras of pine forests are discovered favourable to the theory of man's great age on the earth.

5. Some countries contain growths of moss and peat which may have taken 16,000 years; and underneath the same there are found proofs of the existence of our race before those growths began.

6. The various implements as well—made of stone, bronze, and iron—found in different parts of the earth show periods of great duration, and carry our race back very many thousands of years.

7. The shell-mounds and kitchen-heaps, found in Denmark and other places, which are the accumulations of ages, and then again covered by thick moss, and in some places by forests—as in Ohio of America—are regarded as almost conclu sive proof of a great antiquity. Since the time when human beings lived near some of those mounds there have been great physical changes—both on the land and in the receding of the sea—which are proofs of the lapse of ages.

8. The bones of mankind, with those of extinct animals, have been found in caves of the earth; and fossil human bones; and, in one place, a complete skeleton among the Florida cliffs, which Agassiz says must have been there for one hundred and thirty thousand years; and the remains of man in delta, the accumulation of vast ages; and pottery in the mud of the Nile—the seasons of which are marked with some distinctness—which have been buried for twenty thousand years. All these afford grounds for believing that man has existed very long on the earth, and that the common reckoning of six thousand years is much too short.

9. Some geologists affirm there are clear traces of the existence of man prior to great changes which have taken place on the earth. Skulls have been found at the depth of fifty feet from the surface with every evidence above them that the land had been covered with the ocean for a long period, and then, after a series of ages, upheaved, probably needing some hundreds of thousands of years for the formation since the embedding of the skulls. In 1823 part of a human skeleton was taken out of a rock on the banks of the Rhine that had been deposited there before the glacial period, not less than a quarter of a million of years ago. In Lyell's "Antiquity of Man" our readers will find the details which fill up this line of argument.

Once more we affirm there is nothing in all these speculations contrary to the fundamental beliefs of Christianity—nothing contrary to the moral and religious teaching of the Bible, and the hope of immortal life, which carries us forward into periods which vastly transcend the history of our race, ancient as it is. We are links in an infinite series—the whole chain of events and of being wind round the central throne of God; and all in every age and clime equally cared for and loved by God.

THE BABY'S DRAWER.

THERE'S a little drawer in my chamber
Guarded with tenderest care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying
That my darling shall never wear.
And there, while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
I sit and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty white garments!
I wrought them, sitting apart,
While his mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart,
And often my happy dreaming
Breaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full
With robes of the finest muslin,
And robes of the whitest wool.
I folded them all together,
With a rose for every pair,
Smiling, and saying, "Gem fragrant,
Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah, the radiant summer morning,
So full of a mother's joy!
"Thank God, he is fair and perfect,
My beautiful, new-born boy."
Let him wear the pretty white garments
I wrought while sitting apart;
Lay him, so sweet and so helpless,
Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
I sit since my baby came,
Saying, "What do the angels call him?"
For he died without a name;
Sit while the hours are waning,
And the house is all at rest,
And fancy a baby nestling
Close to my aching breast.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

He was born at Newport, America. His father, a highly respected lawyer, patriotic citizen, and exemplary man, died when William was ten years old; but the son took his father's place as the head of the family. His mother, Lucy Ellery, a noble woman whose affection was as vigilant as her character was firm, bequeathed also rare virtues to this child of her love and pride. There is an old square frame house at the sequestered angle of School and Mary streets, where the Channing family long resided, and nine children were born and bred. There is an extensive garden in the rear, and there used to be a little office at the side, where William's lamp was seen burning by the solitary passer far into the night. As I lately explored the large square rooms, with their panelled walls and heavy window frames—the upper casements yielding a view of the sea—and looked over the then dreary old garden, the anecdotes of Channing's filial devotion, his childhood's rectitude and dignity, the stern self-denial of his youth, the privations he suffered, and the principles he adopted in manhood, the deep inward struggles, thirst for truth, sense of the beautiful, aspirations for the right, and loyalty to faith and freedom, blended with my vivid memory of his pulpit eloquence, the deep tones of his thrilling voice, the grand sincerity and tender earnestness which seemed to consecrate his words and now hallow his image to the imagination. Here at the dawn of feeling and fancy, he "breathed an atmosphere of freedom," the beach and the library were his cherished resorts; thence he went crowned with maternal benedictions, first to Cambridge for his education, and then to Richmond as tutor in the Randolph family, and finally to Boston, to minister not so much to a parish as at the altar of humanity, and carry into the secret depths of countless hearts a new and consecrating sense of the holy possibilities of our destiny—the sacred rights, duties, and progressive capabilities of our nature—the divine intent and consecration of life.

The record of his boyhood and youth at Newport coincides with his subsequent career. Elastic by temperament, earnest in feeling, with manly pride and sensitive conscience, his school-fellows called him little King Pepin and the peace maker. He was their brave champion, their acknowledged intellectual leader—chosen as the juvenile orator on the occasion of Rochambeau's visit, when they marched to salute his arrival. Many are the current traditions which prove that, as a boy, he was "ignorant of fear," and "had a horror of cruelty," and shared all he had and was with his comrades. It was this original basis of courage, probity, and generous instincts that made him a man of ethical genius. Strong in mental, he was delicate in physical qualities, thus mingling will, intelligence, and sensibility, the elements of moral heroism—therefore was Channing magnetic; the tremulous earnestness of his tones outweighed all rhetorical artifice; and his written words, by the lucid emphasis of candid convictions, won and warmed such men as Kossuth and Laboulaye, and such women as Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Somerville, and Lucy Aikin. Nowhere is the cause of freedom and justice, the essential dignity of human nature, and the legitimate progress of society pleaded with more candid and gracious emphasis than in his writings; their charm is vital, their influence pervasive, though little appreciated among the conventional critics and superficial observers of his own country.—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

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A few months ago we asked attention to a very cheap edition of Channing's works, at 2s. 6d. to subscribers, and we are now happy to state that nearly eighteen thousand copies have been subscribed for, which must prove a great boon to thousands of homes. We cannot well overstate the invaluable nature of the writings of this sainted man. As a wish has been expressed for a cheap edition, in larger type, the committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association are prepared to meet this wish provided 3000 subscribers can be obtained before the 1st of August, 1870. The price of the three volumes will be 7s. 6d. to subscribers, and 10s. 6d. to non-subscribers, and delivered at the above price. The committee only guarantee to publish this three volume edition in the event of 3000 copies being subscribed for. Address, "The Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association," 178, Strand, London.

IN THE DARK.

THERE comes seasons of darkness in all our lives. Who has not known them? Times when there are neither sun, nor moon, nor stars in the sky, and we stand still in fear or grope onward in trembling uncertainty.

A few years ago there fell upon my life one of these seasons, in which I could see neither to the right hand nor the left. A terror of darkness was upon me.

One night I lay awake thinking, thinking until my brain grew wild with uncertainty. I could not see even a step in advance, and feared to move onward lest with the next footfall I should plunge into hopeless ruin. Very strongly was I tempted to turn aside from the way in which I was going—a way reason and conscience approved as right; but something held me back. Again and again I took up and considered the difficulties of my situation, looking to the right hand and the left for ways of extrication; now resolving to go in this direction, and now in that; yet always held away from resolve by inner convictions of right and duty, that grew clear at the moment when I was ready to give up my hold on integrity.

So the hours went heavy-footed until past midnight. My little daughter was sleeping in the crib beside my bed. But now she began to move uneasily, and presently her timid voice broke faintly the still air.

"Papa! papa!" she called.

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

"Oh, papa! It is dark! Take Nellie's hand!"

I reached out my hand and took her tiny one in my own, clasping it firmly. A sigh of relief came up from her little heart. All her loneliness and fear were gone, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again.

"Oh, my Father in heaven!" I cried, in a sudden, almost wild, outburst of feeling, "it is dark, very dark. Take my hand!"

A great peace fell upon me. The terror of darkness was gone. "Keep hold of my hand, oh, my Father!" I prayed fervently; "and though I should be called to walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Let not my feet wander to the right or to the left."

"Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," fell softly on my eyelids, and morning broke with scarce a seeming interval of time.

I felt calm and strong. The day was to be one of severe trial. A dark cloud of uncertainty rested over it. But I was resolved to walk steadily through its trials and its pains, holding tightly the hand of my Father.

Oh! is not the Lord better to us, if we will trust Him, than all our fears? There came fierce assaults upon my integrity. I was lured by golden promises—I was threatened with disaster and disgrace, but my hand lay in the firm clasp of One who sticketh closer than a brother, and who is strong to save.

In my rectitude I found safety. Had I swerved, I would have gone down to hopeless ruin. Even my tempters, who had hoped to gain through my defections from honour, bore witness to my integrity. And now having escaped the perils of this difficult and dangerous pass, a goodly land opened on my view, and I found possessions therein, which are held in peace and honour unto this day.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall;
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes—
One doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

SUNDAY SICKNESS.

Dr. ——, among other valuable papers, a few years ago, published one describing this remarkable disease, which has not yet been treated in books of Pathology.

1. This disease is of the most intermitting kind; attacking the patient by violent paroxysms, which return every seventh day. These paroxysms return only on the "Lord's day," and hence it is called Sunday sickness—but by the faculty, it is known by no other name than "*Diei Domini Morbus.*"

2. It partakes somewhat of the nature of ague, especially as it is attended with a great degree of *coldness*. This coldness is first apparent early in the morning of the Lord's day; in many cases seizing the patient before he has left his bed. But it begins in the region of the heart, and is attended with dulness of the head, followed by yawning and lethargy.

3. The patient is sometimes deprived of the use of his limbs, especially the legs and feet, so that he is indisposed to walk to the house of God.

4. In some cases this attack has come upon them after they have gone to the house of God, and has been attended with yawning and slumber.

5. In other cases there has been great uneasiness in the house of God, and a disposition to complain of the length of the sermon, though they have been known to sit very contentedly in a playhouse several hours at a time.

6. Persons affected with this disease never mourn on account of their confinement from public worship, as many afflicted with other diseases often do.

7. These persons often surprise their neighbours with their great activity and health on Monday, however unfavourable the weather may be.

8. Most of the faculty agree that there is a low feverish heat, technically called *febris mundi*, or fever of the world, which may be detected in these patients during the intervening days of the week.

9. There also seems to be a loss of appetite for savoury food, and a want of relish for *panis vitæ* (bread of life) which in this case is the indispensable remedy for the disease.

10. Persons affected with this disease generally have a disrelish for private religious exercises of the closet and the reading of the Scriptures.

11. This disease is also contagious; neighbours receive it from neighbours, and children from parents.

THE PRINTED DECLARATION OF UNITARIAN OPINIONS.

Among the steps lately taken for the spread of Unitarianism, one of the most important is the printing a declaration of our opinions to be posted up at the chapel door. This declaration, which has been widely circulated by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, has taught what Unitarianism is to thousands and tens of thousands of our neighbours. It has been posted against the wall of perhaps one hundred of our smaller chapels and preaching-rooms. And it is in the case of these that it is chiefly useful. A well-fitted chapel, with a popular minister, has less need of such means to make its opinions known. But a smaller congregation, whose empty pews every week remind them of the duty of making missionary efforts, can hardly hope to gain new members unless it makes known what are the opinions taught in its pulpit. This declaration, read and pondered over by many an inquiring passer-by, is like a silent missionary; and it will open the minds of many to truths which they refuse to listen to from our preachers, or to learn from our books. Moreover, it shows that we are not ashamed of our Unitarianism, however much it may be spoken against by others. The Apostle Paul urges his followers not to be ashamed of their unpopular opinions; and if we would apply this advice to ourselves, we must interpret it as meaning that we should not shrink from owning our Unitarianism. In this way the printed declaration will do as much good to Unitarians morally, by dissuading from timidity, as it will do to our neighbours intellectually, by explaining to them our theological opinions. We are glad to learn that this "Declaration of the Scriptural Principles of Unitarians" has been reprinted by some of our churches in America, and widely circulated there as well. A copy will be sent gratis and post-free to any address.

R. Spears,

56, Grosvenor Park, London.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

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A CHRISTIAN'S REPLY.—In reply to a challenge M. Veuillot replied: "My life belongs to Jesus Christ, and he has none too many defenders just now."

HONEYMOON.—After a wedding it was formerly a custom to drink honey, dissolved in water, for thirty days—a moon's age. Hence the origin of the honeymoon.

WHAT A CHILD CANNOT FORGET.—"I forget a good many things which have happened in the year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks; "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear, dead mother."

PARADISE LOST.—When Milton's great work first appeared, Edmund Waller wrote thus concerning it: "The old blind school-master, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it has no other."

NO PUSHING TO JESUS.—A Christian mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were crowding their children toward him. "There, Carrie," said her mother, "That is what I would have done with you if I had been there." "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness; "I'd go to him without pushing."

A SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each probably five years old, were by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry piteously. The boy stood looking on sullenly for a minute, and then said, "I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie; I am sorry." The little rosy face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said, "Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me."

RELEASING PRISONERS.—One of the finest retorts on record is that made by an English ambassador to a French king. The King of England had instructed his representatives to sue for the release of certain Huguenots who had been thrown into the Bastile for their religion. "What would your master, the King of England, say, if I sued for the release of the prisoners in Newgate?" was the French King's reply. The ambassador's was perfect in Spartan simplicity, keen wit, courtesy, and high magnanimity. He said, "Your Majesty may have every one of them if you will claim them as your brethren."

ECCENTRIC PRAYERS.—Some very eccentric expressions were used in the prayers of clergymen of the last century. An Edinburgh minister was inclined to grumble when he prayed, "Give us not need to think Thee neglectful of thine own, for we are thine own family, and we have been but scurvily provided for this long time." The following is a specimen of a baptismal prayer: "Lord, bless and preserve this young calf, that it may grow an ox, to draw Christ's plow." Mr. Erskine once prayed thus: "O Lord, have mercy on all fools and idiots, and particularly on the magistrates of Edinburgh." Mr. Dickson once indulged in the following kitchen garden allegory: "Dibble thou the kail of thy grace into our hearts, and if we grow not up to the stature of good kail, Lord make us good sprouts at least.'

HOWARD AND THE COUNTESS.—Howard, the philanthropist, did not want courage nor the talent to administer reproof:—A German count, governor of Upper Austria, with his countess, called one day on the man who had excited so large a share of the public attention. The count asked him the state of the prisoners within his department. "Mr. Howard replied, "The worst in all Germany;" and advised that the countess should visit the female prisoners. "*I*," said she haughtily, "*I* go into prisons!" and went rapidly down stairs in great anger. Howard, indignant at her proud and unfeeling disposition, loudly called after her, "Madam, remember you are a woman yourself, and you must soon, like the most miserable female in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

TEACHING THIMBLERIGGERS.—Visiting a sick thimblerigger with a young missionary, I requested the latter to talk with him on religious subjects. He did so, detailing to him the fallen condition of mankind, the need of salvation, and the redemption by Christ, reading to the sick man in proof of what he said passages from the Gospel. The poor fellow listened and acquiesced. To every interrogation of the missionary he answered, "Certainly, sir," "In course, sir!" so that my companion was greatly encouraged. I saw, however, that it was all deception, and stepping forward, said, "Joe, my boy, the minister is very kind; and now I will ask you a few questions. Do you know who Christ was?" "Well, no," said he, after a pause, "I should say that's werry hard to tell." "Do you know why He died on the cross?" "No, that I don't." "Are you a sinner?" "O, certainly, sir. We are all sinners,—miserable sinners." "Have you ever done wrong?" "Why, no; I don't consider as I ever have; not as I can remember." "But do you not think, Joe, that you are a sinner?' "O, certainly, sir; we are all sinners." "What is a sinner, Joe?" "Well, blest if I know. I never had no head-piece." And yet this man was among the shrewdest of criminals who had ever been admitted at Pentonville, and could both read and write.

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